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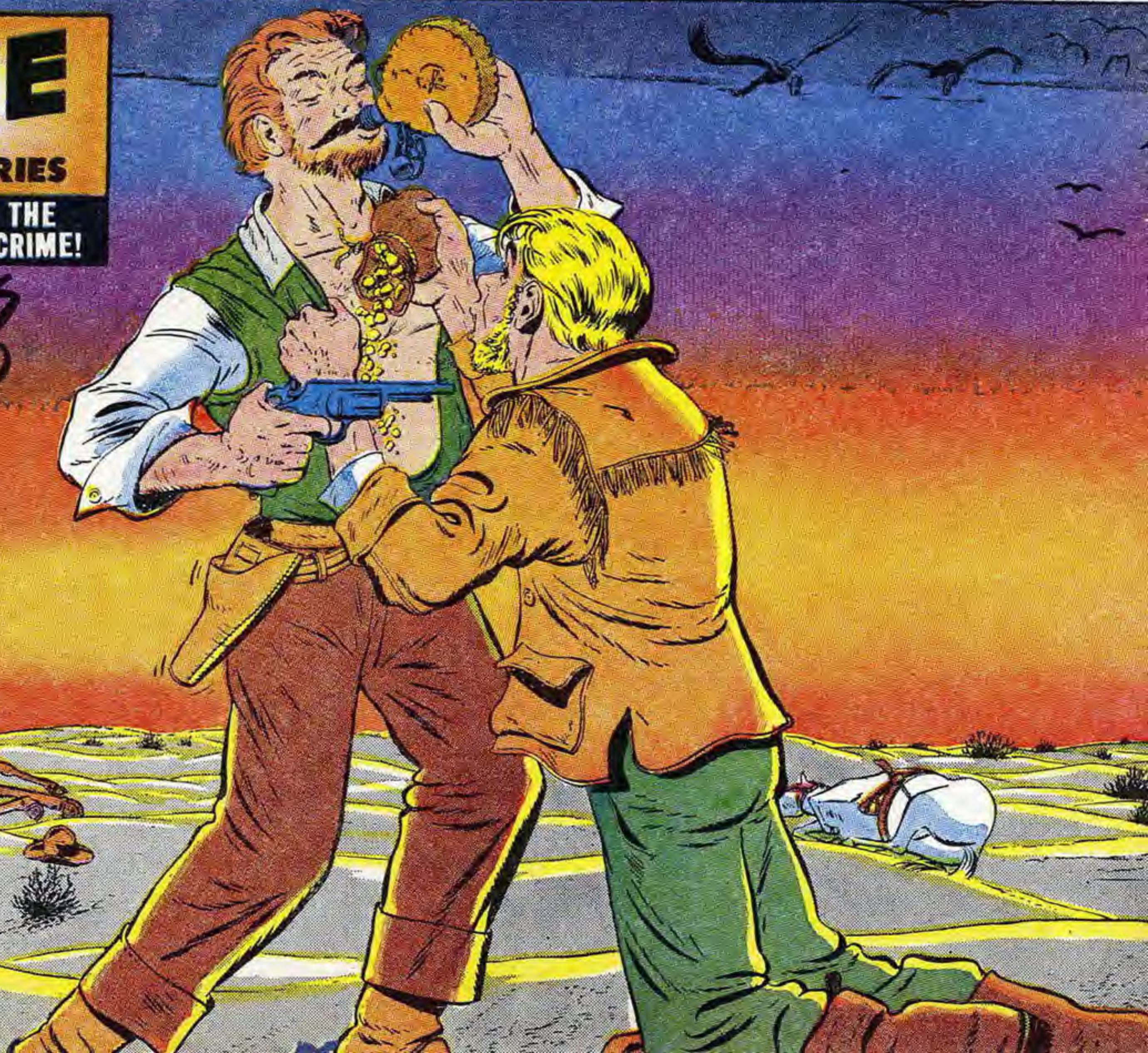
LAW
AND ORDER
IN THE
WILD
WEST

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL
TRUE**
STORIES

DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!

CHARLES
BIRO



LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

A Message from-



A copy of the following letter was mailed to every writer, artist and contributor to our magazines. We thought that reproducing it here would help to better acquaint you with the care and attention that all material published in our magazines is given.

To all artists, writers and editorial affiliates, these restrictions must be adhered to. The following series of "don'ts" was conceived with the intention of establishing a much needed form of self-imposed censorship. That this is an essential step to further elevate the importance of comic magazines, is unanimously agreed to. Although we have followed most of these directives for many years, this is a more solidified and sterner reiteration.

1. In the illustration of women and girls, regardless of character, no scarcity of clothing will be accepted and no attempt to emphasize sex appeal will be permitted for publication.
2. Stories dealing with sadism or torture of any form or sex-motivated crimes will not be accepted.
3. No strips shall contain either in dialogue or illustration names of known concerns or people, such as names on buildings and backgrounds, or attempts at personal humor in lead story characters in **CRIME DOES NOT PAY** and **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** of any known person.
4. Law officers, F.B.I. agents, judges and lawyers must be pictured both in appearance and dialogue in a favorable light.
5. Criminals will not be made attractive either in physical appearance or character.
6. All criminal acts or moral violations by characters in stories must be accounted for by legal punishment and the punishment must fit the crime.
7. No relatives of criminals will be referred to in a story unless vital to its structure and, in that case, only in a favorable light. This is in reference to **CRIME DOES NOT PAY** and **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT**.
8. Criminals must not be shown to enjoy a criminal act. This means no laughter or glee during the commission of a crime.
9. Gun molls and female criminals must not be made too attractive. They should, instead, be made typical and as relatively varied in bone structure as the male characters.
10. In the illustration of wounds, they must not be shown open. Blood must not be shown flowing from the face or mouth of a man and no blood to be shown flowing from women.
11. No reference shall be made to characters in regard to race, color or religion.
12. Any political propaganda is definitely out—in other words—no between-the-lines political soap-boxing.

These rules must be adhered to. I cannot stress these points hard enough. Should any of these points need further clarification, I will be glad to discuss them with you.

C. B.

Permission is hereby granted to other comic publishers and editors who may wish to make similar use of this list.

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



JOE SLADE

HE WOULD SAY,
"KNEEL DOWN-NOW
LICK MY BOOTS!"
AND BEFORE A MAN
COULD UTTER THE WORD,
"NO", HE WOULD EMPTY
HIS REVOLVER INTO HIM!!

I WAS FORGED INTO SHAPE IN A TUCSON BLACK-SMITH SHOP! HANK BEARDSLEY, THE MASTER GUNSMITH, HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE BORING MY BARREL! HE BROKE TWO DRILLS ON IT AND CURSED ME TILL HE WAS BLUE IN THE FACE! HANK WASN'T THE LAST! HUNDREDS OF MEN CURSED ME, WITH RED FOAM BUBBLING FROM THEIR LUNGS THAT I HAD BLASTED TO BITS! I WAS TOUGH AND HARD! I HAD TO BE! I WAS PROBABLY FIRED MORE TIMES THAN A DOZEN SIX-GUNS PUT TOGETHER! MY HISTORY IS THE HISTORY OF THE WEST-WHEN THE REDMEN WERE 'MIGHTY' AND JUSTICE WAS UNKNOWN! YOUR RIGHT TO LIVE DEPENDED ONLY UPON HOW FAST YOU DREW! I WAS DESTINED TO BE USED BY THE LIGHTNING TRIGGER-FINGERED JOE SLADE! BUT MANY AN HOMBRE WHO TOOK THE LAST TRAIL, MIGHT HAVE LASTED A BIT LONGER, IF THEY HAD HAD ME WEIGHING DOWN THEIR GUNBELTS! MEN LIKE BILLY THE KID, JESSE JAMES, SAM BASS, AND THE REST OF THE NAMES YOU SEE CHISELED ABOVE ROTTING BONES!



IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.
the editors

OBEDY THE LAW



HOW I CAME TO BE JOE SLADE'S GUN IS A STORY IN ITSELF! MY STEEL WAS FORGED IN TUCSON, ARIZONA, IN 1841—AT A TIME WHEN SLADE WAS BUSY DEALING FARD ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER BOATS! IN THOSE DAYS HE NEVER DREAMED OF CARRYING ANYTHING STRONGER THAN A KNIFE! HIS FAST DEALING WAS ALL HE NEEDED!

I RAISE YOU TWENTY BLUES—JUST TO SWEETEN THE POT!

THAT'S FINE WITH ME, SLADE! I LIKE A MAN WITH NERVE! THERE'S TWENTY, AND TWENTY BETTER!



HANK BEARDSLEY, THE BLACKSMITH WHO WROUGHT ME, ASKED A FANCY PRICE FOR ME, BUT GUNS WERE SCARCE—AND A BEN POTTER ASKED TO SEE ME!

SHE WAS HARD TO MAKE, AN SHE'LL BE HARDER TO BREAK! YOU'RE GETTIN' A BARGAIN AT ANY PRICE, FRIEND—NOT TO MENTION THE SHORTAGE!

I WOULDN'T KNOW—I NEVER HAD NO USE FER A GUN! I SURE WISH I DIDN'T NEED ONE NOW!



THERE'S NO DENYIN' IT—A SIX-SHOOTER IS THE LAW IN THE WEST—A MAN WITHOUT A GUN INVITES DISASTER!

GOLDARN RIGHT! ARIZONA AIN'T NO PLACE FER PEACEABLE MEN! TUCSON AIN'T THE WORST TOWN IN THE WEST—YET WE STILL AVERAGE A DOZEN SHOOTIN'S A DAY!



TAKE MY ADVICE, YOUNG MAN! LEARN HOW TO USE THAT PACIFIER, OR YOUR LIFE AIN'T WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL WEST OF ST. LOUIS!

IT AIN'T WORTH THAT EAST OF ST. LOUIS, EITHER! I'M ILL—I'VE GOT T.B.—I ONLY CAME HERE TO BE CURED, NOT TO BE BLOWN TO BITS BY NO DRUNKEN FOOL! I GUESS I LOSE, EAST OR WEST!



THERE'S A PIECE OF IRONY FOR YOU! I WAS BUILT FOR ACTION, AND I'M SOLD TO A MAN WHOSE IDEA OF ACTION IS HOEING A FIELD OF TURNIPS!

WELL, WE CAN MOVE ON, MEG! I'VE GOT SOME SORT

OF PROTECTION FOR US AND JOHNNY!

HE'S JUST ANOTHER FOOL WHO OUGHTTA KNOW BETTER THAN TO BRING A PRETTY WOMAN LIKE THAT OUT HERE!



MY NEW MASTER, BEN POTTER, FOUND A PIECE OF SANDY EARTH OUTSIDE OF TUCSON AND BEGAN TO HOE! HE NEVER LOOKED AT ME ONCE! I JUST HUNG FROM THE PEG! BUT ONE NIGHT...

HEY—OPEN UP IN THERE!

IT'S TWO MEN, DAD! I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

GET YOUR GUN, BEN!



NO! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THEY WANT—HEY!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



IF YA ANSWERED YER DOOR, WE WOULDN'T HAVE SHOT IT OPEN! HEY, YOU GOT A FIRE AN' VITTLES! HOW ABOUT YOU ASKIN' US TO STAY FER A SPELL?

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TAKE POT LUCK—BUT THERE'S NO ROOM HERE FOR EXTRA PEOPLE! YOU'LL HAVE TO PUSH ON TO TUCSON!

WHO ASKED YUH?

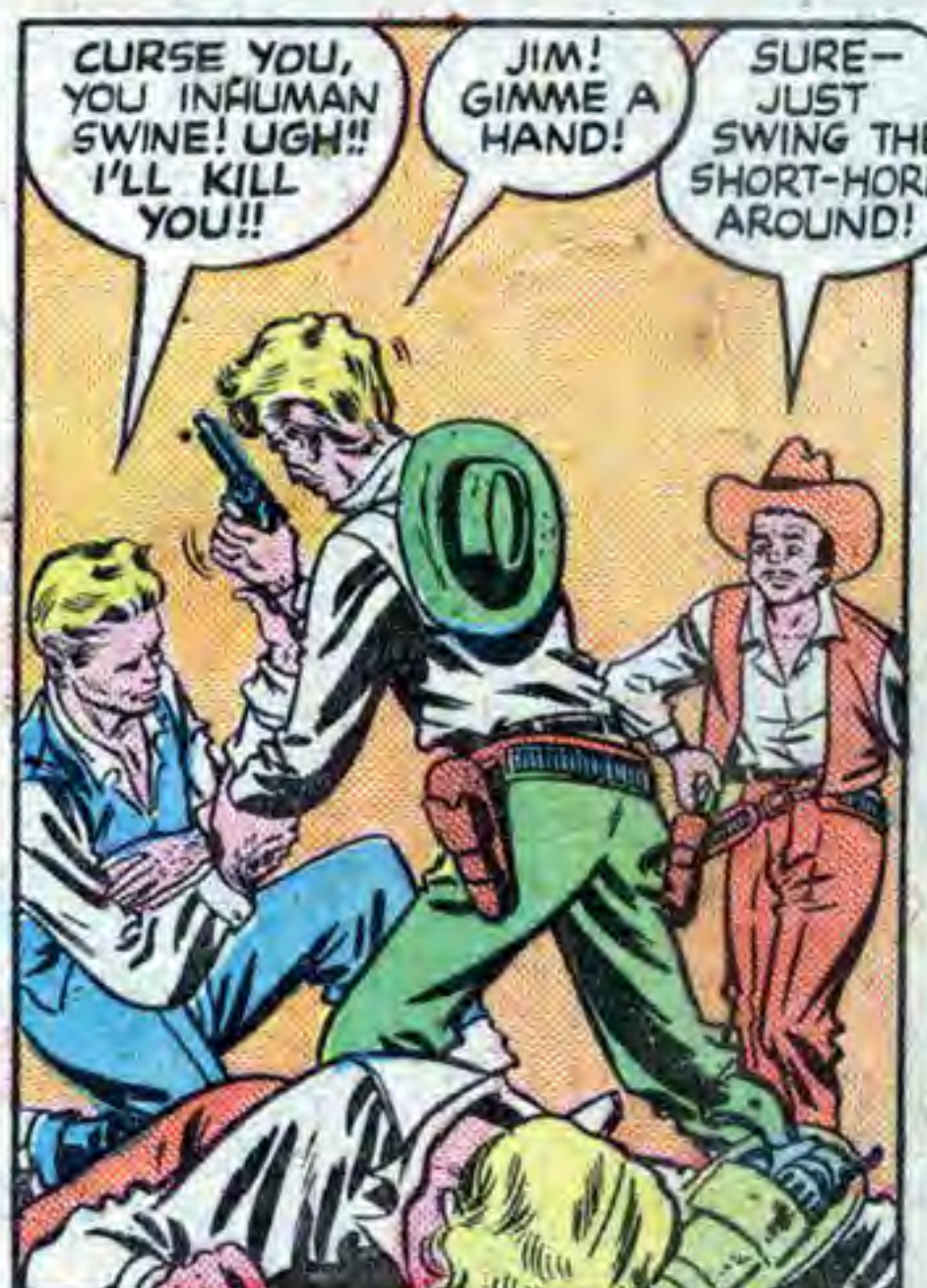


YORE TH' ONE THAT'S GONNA PUSH ON!

H...HE'S A SICK MAN! DON'T HIT HIM!

BOP!

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

THE WIDOW WENT BACK TO ST. LOUIS AND I WENT WITH HER, ALONG WITH A LOCK OF JOHNNY'S HAIR-AND HER HUSBAND'S STEM-WINDING WATCH! I THINK SHE WAS THE MOST MISERABLE WOMAN IN THE LAND, BUT SHE WAS TOO COURAGEOUS TO CRY!

SHE FOUND THE GOING TOUGH IN ST. LOUIS, SO IN A FEW MONTHS, THE STEM-WINDING WATCH AND I WERE HANGING SIDE BY SIDE IN A PAWN-BROKER'S SHOP WINDOW!

WHEN I THINK OF THE MOPES I MISSED GETTING FOR MY MASTERS, I FEEL A COLD SHIVER UP MY MUZZLE! EVERY DIRTY FACE IN ST. LOUIS SEEMED TO PEER AT ME LONGINGLY!

THEN ONE AFTERNOON, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1843, JOE SLADE WALKED INTO THE PAWN SHOP AND INTO MY LIFE!

LOOKS FINE TO ME! THE NEXT TIME A PASTE-BOARD SHARK WAVES A SIXER AT MY HEAD, I WANT TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING MORE THAN A SICK SMILE-HOW MUCH IS IT?

IT'S YOURS FOR SEVEN DOLLARS!

THINK OF IT-FOR ONLY SEVEN DOLLARS, I SAVED HIS LIFE A HUNDRED TIMES-NOT TO MENTION HOW I HELPED HIM RAKE IN MORE THAN A HALF MILLION DOLLARS!

I FEEL BETTER NOW! JUST LET THAT GYP ARTIST, WES FULTON, GET TOUCHY WHEN HE CATCHES ME SLIPPIN' IN AN ACE!

WE WENT TO SLADE'S STAMPING GROUNDS! THE STEAMER, "RAMBLER," WAS TIED UP AT ST. LOUIS! WE WAITED FOR FULTON TO TURN UP!

I SEE YUH GOT YOURSELF A SHOOTIN' IRON-THAT WAS RIGHT STUPID OF YUH, SLADE! NEXT TIME I CATCH YUH SQUEEZIN' TH' DECK, I WON'T SLAP YUH IN TH' JAW-I'LL HAVE TO BLOW IT OFF!

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, FULTON! YOU'VE GOT ME SCARED TO DEATH-O PTTT!

FULTON'S SMILIN' LIKE HE'S ALREADY MEASURED ME UP FOR A COFFIN! IF HE PICKS A FIGHT, HE COULD GIVE ME TEN SECONDS TO DRAW, KNOWING HE CAN OUT-DRAW ANYBODY ON THE SHIP, BUT I'LL FIX HIM-I'LL WAIT TILL SOMEBODY TALKS TO HIM!

HIT ME HARD, GUN TOTER-TWO CARDS FROM THE TOP!

HARD AS I TRY, I CAN'T RESIST KILLIN' THAT LOUD-MOUTHED SHARPSTER!

HOW'S MY BIG BOY DOIN' TONIGHT?

DIGGIN' GRAVES, MY LITTLE SAGE! A CERTAIN SMART DEALIN' COYOTE IS JUST BEGGIN' FER TROUBLE!

YOU HEARD 'IM THREATEN ME!

BUT HE DIDN'T MENTION ANY NAMES!

YARGHH!

MAYBE HE DIDN'T, BUT YOU KNEW WHO WES WAS TALKIN' ABOUT! YOU GENTS STAY WHERE YOU ARE-WITH THOSE HANDS ON THE TABLE!

YUH BETTER NOT SHOW YER FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN, SLADE-WE DON'T LIKE YER KIND!

YUH DIDN'T EVEN GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO DRAW!

BANG!!

OBEDY THE LAW

THE WAY THIS BEEF CRAWLS, IT'LL TAKE US FIFTY YEARS TO MAKE THE WEST COAST! ALL THE GOLD WILL BE DUG BY THE TIME WE GET THERE!

I CAN'T GO TO MY ROOM TO PACK! THEY'RE SURE TO BE LOOKIN' FOR ME THERE! THAT CALIFORNIA-BOUND WAGON TRAIN GIVES ME A THOUGHT!

SURE, I GOT SADDLE-HOSSES! I GOT THE PRETTIEST PONY IN OLD MIZZOO WAITIN' FER THE JOCKEY WITH THE RIGHT DINERO.. UHHH...

YOU'RE GONNA WAIT A LOT LONGER!

BANG!

SINCE THEY'LL STRETCH MY GULLET FOR FULTON ANYWAY, THERE WAS NO USE WRESTLING THIS STEER! HE'D HAVE CRACKED MY NECK, MORE'N LIKELY—BY THE TIME THEY FIND THIS GAZABO, I'LL BE HALF WAY TO ELDORADO!

WHO'S THE RAMROD HERE?

WAL, YUH WON'T FIND HIM AT THE BUTT-END OF THE TRAIN! HE'S UP FRONT!

WE'RE GETTIN' MORE KNOTHEADS THAN I SEEN IN A DOG'S AGE! WHERE DO ALL THEM PRUNE PICKERS COME FROM?

SURE, I CAN USE ANOTHER MAN—IF HE'S GOT GUTS ENOUGH TA FIGHT THROUGH A WALL OF INJUNS! IT WON'T BE NO PICNIC OUT YONDER—NO, SIR! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE, GREENER?

JOE SLADE, AND I'M NOT THE SHORT-HORN I LOOK!

WAIT TILL I SHOW THESE HAY PITCHERS HOW TO DEAL FIVE ACES!

AND DID SLADE SHOW THEM. PLENTY! THEY WERE FIT TO BE TIED—YOU CAN'T WIN FOREVER, WITHOUT STARTING TALK!

I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT!

COUNT ME OUT TOO, SLADE! YOU'RE TOO LUCKY FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE TO PLAY WITH!

HEY—YOU'RE NOT ACCUSIN' ME OF A LITTLE SHADEY WORK, ARE YOU?

NOT A LITTLE SHADEY WORK, CHISELER, A LOT OF IT! YOU'RE A GYP ARTIST, IF I EVER SAW ONE!

THAT'S SHOOTIN' TALK! ARE YOU ASKIN' FOR IT?

YEAH, I AM! SO WHY DON'T YUH SHOOT? SOMETHIN' STANDIN' IN YORE WAY?

OF COURSE—COMMON SENSE!...ER.. IT'S A PITY TO WASTE HUMAN LIFE ON SO TRIVIAL A MATTER AS A CARD GAME! WHY NOT LET'S FIGHT IT OUT WITH FISTS!

SURE, I'M WILLIN'! SOMEBODY HOLD MY GUN!

THE HAYSEED! NOW I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM!

SUCKER!!

YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' BACK-STABBIN' HYENA!!

BANG!

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

YOU'RE GOIN' TO TAKE MY PLACE? A BLASTED DUDE LIKE YOU? WHY DO YUH THINK THEY NAMED THIS RAG TOWN AFTER ME—BECAUSE A DUDE COULD'VE DONE THE KILLIN' AN' NECK-CRACKIN' I DONE? I MADE THE STAGE RUN ON TIME—ME AN' MY LITTLE BLASTER HERE!

ARE YOU SERIOUS, STRANGER?

SURE AM! YORE MR. JULES NEEDS SOME TAKIN' DOWN A PEG OR TWO!

MAYBE A BULLET IN HIS BELLY WILL TEACH HIM TO TALK RESPECTFULLY TO HIS SUPERIORS!

ORRGH!! YOU DIDN'T GIMME A CHANC...

BANG!

I COULD FINISH YOU OFF, MISTER JULES, BUT THAT WOULD BE MURDER, AND I'M A LAW-ABIDING MAN!

GROAN! YOU CRAB!! CHUCK EATER—Y..YOU NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE TO DRAW!

IF YOU THINK AN ACT LIKE THIS IMPRESSES ME, SIR, YOU'RE RIGHT—

IT DOES! NOBODY HAS STOOD UP TO SAM JULES FER SEVEN YEARS! YOU GAVE HIM A DOSE OF WHAT HE'S BEEN HANDIN' OUT WHOLESALE! THE JOB OF OVERLAND'S STAGE DIVISION-MASTER IS YOURS!

THANKS, MR. GRADY—I'LL BE A CREDIT TO YOUR ORGANIZATION, AND NOTHIN' WILL INTER-FERE WITH YOUR SCHEDULES THAT A BULLET CAN'T REMOVE—NOW I WANNA SEE A BARBER!

THE STAGE WENT THROUGH ON TIME, ALRIGHT, BUT IT TOOK A HALF DOZEN CORPSES—SOME SHREWD DOUBLE-GUESSING, AND SOME COLD-BLOODED MURDER! SLADE WAS EQUAL TO EVERY DEMAND OF THE JOB—ESPECIALLY THE KILLING ONES!

BUT YOU YOURSELF SAID IT WASN'T ME, SLADE! GULP! I CAN'T HELP IT IF I HAPPEN TO LOOK LIKE TH' MAN THAT KILLED YER DRIVER.

NEITHER CAN I! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO PAY THE PRICE—WHY NOT YOU?

BUT HOW DID YUH KNOW SLIM DONE THE HOSS-RUSTLIN'?

I DIDN'T, BUT HE'LL GIVE THE GUY THAT DID DO THE RUSTLIN' SOMETHIN' TO THINK ABOUT!

BANG!

WELL, JULES, I HEAR YOUR SUCCESSOR'S DOIN' A RIGHT FINE JOB OF KEEPIN' THE BAD MEN OFF'N TH' STAGE ROUTES!

TH' HOMBRES JUST SEE 'IM COMIN' AN' THEY START RUNNIN' LIKE THEY SEEN A GHOST!

I'LL CHANGE THAT! I'M OUTTA TH' SICK BED NOW, AN' I BEEN NURSIN' TH' MEANEST GRUDGE I EVER HAD!

LET'S SEE THAT STAGE RUN ON SCHEDULE NOW, BECAUSE IT WON'T RUN ON HOSS POWER!

THERE ARE FIVE OF THE BEST HOSES INSIDE THAT BARN, I EVER SAW!

GOOD! IT AIN'T GONNA BURN THOSE CRITTERS NEARLY AS MUCH AS IT'LL BURN SLADE!

BANG!

WHUT ARE YUH GOIN' TO DO ABOUT JULES, SLADE? HE'S GONE HAYWIRE! HE'S MAKIN' A MESS OF OUR STAGE SCHEDULES!

NOT AFTER HE READS THIS! I'M DECLARIN' WAR ON THE SHEEP-KILLIN' DOG! HE'S TOO VAIN TO IGNORE THIS CHALLENGE!

JOE SLADE CHALLENGES LILY-LIVERED SAM JULES TO A DUEL. ONLY A YELLOW COWARD WOULD REFUSE! SEE MR. GRADY FOR APPOINTMENT.

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



PULL UP 'EM
HOSSES!!

DON'T DO IT, DRIVER!
LET 'EM COME!
GIVE TH' DEVILS TH'
FIGHT OF THEIR
LIVES!

DURNED IF
ONE OF 'EM
AIN'T THET
JOHNNY PATEL,
WHO HANGS
AROUN' WITH
SLADE!



THAT'S IT, YOU HERO! POKE YORE
BEAN OUT WHERE I CAN ADD SOME-
THIN' TO IT!

HEY—
BENTON'S
BEEN HIT!



THEY TURNED TAIL
AN' DOGGED IT
RIGHT AFTER BENTON
CAUGHT IT! THEY
WAS GAININ' ON US,
TOO! IT'S MIGHTY
SUSPICIOUS!

NOT TO ME—I
RECOGNIZED ONE
OF SLADE'S MEN!
I DON'T PUT
NOTHIN' PAST
THAT DEVIL! STAGIN'
AN ATTACK ON
THE COACH TO
COVER TH' KILLIN'
OF TH' LAD THAT
WAS CALLIN' ON
TH' SAME GAL HE
WAS STUCK ON.
SOUNDS JUST
LIKE HIM!



LET ME CONSOLE YOU IN
YOUR HOUR OF SORROW,
BLANCHE! PERHAPS IN
TIME, YOU WILL LEARN TO
FORGET POOR DAVID!
MEANWHILE, I'LL BRING
THE VILLAINS THAT
KILLED HIM TO
JUSTICE!

I KNOW
YOU WILL,
JOE!
YOU'RE A
REAL
FRIEND!



SURE—I RECOGNIZED JOHNNY PATEL!
WE ALL DID—AN' YOU SAID YERSELF
THE HOLE IN BENTON'S HEAD
CAME FROM
ABOVE!

WE FIGURE IT WAS
SLADE'S DRIVER, YOSSY,
WHO CASHIERED BENTON—
IT'S POSSIBLE!

POSSIBLE,
MY HAT— IT'S
CERTAIN! SLADE'S
A MURDERER!
I THINK
WE'VE TAKEN HIS
NONSENSE LONG
ENOUGH!



SLADE, WE'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO
ASK YUH—ABOUT THOSE KILLIN'S ON
THE STAGE THE OTHER NIGHT! JOHNNY
PATEL WAS SPOTTED AS ONE OF THE
BAD MEN!

WH..WHAT? I'LL KILL THE
DIRTY SWINE MYSELF— SO
YOU WERE ONE OF 'EM!

HA, HA, BOSS—
YOU'RE JOKIN'!



YAAAH@

AND I THOUGHT
YOU WAS ONE
MAN I COULD
TRUST!

THANKS
SO MUCH
FOR TELLIN'
ME ABOUT
TH' SNAKE—
AN' NOW, I'VE
GOT A DATE
WITH MY
FIANCEE!



SUSPICIONS MOUNTED EVERY
DAY, BUT SLADE WENT THROUGH
WITH THE MARRIAGE!

SHE MUST BE
AS BAD AS HE
IS! SHE HEARD
ALL THE
GOSSIP ABOUT HIM
PUTTIN' BENTON
OUT OF THE
WAY!

ONE OF
THESE DAYS
HE'LL STRUT
AT THE LONG
END OF A
CHOKER!



SLADE GAVE THEM PLENTY
MORE CAUSE FOR "TALK"!

THAT'S PARKER—
THE ONE CROSSIN'
OVER—HE'S TH'
HOTTEST ONE
FER THROWIN'
YUH A NECKTIE
PARTY!

SINCE HE
WANTS TO SEE
ME HUNG, I GOT
A RIGHT TO
WANNA SEE HIM
DEAD! I WANT
YOU TO WITNESS
THIS KILLIN' IN
SELF DEFENSE!

BUT HE NEVER
CARRIES A
PISTOL!

OBEDY THE LAW



ARRGHH!

WHAT BUTTON? YOU SHOT HIM THROUGH THE HEART!



THAT WAS BECAUSE HE MOVED—WATCH WHAT I CAN DO WHEN HE LIES STILL!



THAT PROVES IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, DON'T IT? ACCIDENTS OFTEN HAPPEN WHEN YOU CLEAN PISTOLS—AN' NOW LET'S SEE... EVERYBODY CONTRIBUTE SOMETHIN' TO PARKER'S POOR WIDOW!

I'D LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE SLADE'S HEAD!

WHY DON'T WE? THIS WAS OUT-RIGHT MURDER, IF I'VE EVER SEEN ONE! WHY CAN'T WE HANDLE SLADE OURSELVES?



I SAID EVERYBODY DRINKS—ON ME! WHAT'S THE MATTER? LOOK AT YA—WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR THIRST? YOU'RE GETTIN' TO BE NOTHIN' BUT A BUNCH OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEETOTALERS!

YUH TOOK OUR TASTE AWAY, THAT'S WHAT! HOW CAN ANYBODY DRINK, AFTER SEEIN' WHAT YUH DONE TO POOR MR. PARKER? WHAT SHOULD WE CELEBRATE ABOUT HIS CRYIN' WIDOW?



QUITE THE HUMANITARIAN, AIN'T YA? ALL RIGHT, MR. PHYLOSOPHER—CLIMB UP AN' FETCH THAT BOTTLE OF SCOTCH ON THE TOP SHELF!

BUT I HAVE THE SAME LIKKER DOWN HERE!



I WANT THAT ONE! GET ME THAT BOTTLE—IT'S FOR SALE, AIN'T IT? WELL, I WANNA BUY IT!

ALL RIGHT, SLADE! I'LL GET IT—JUST A MINUTE!



BUTTER-FINGERED, WASN'T HE? BESIDES BEING A LOUD-MOUTH AND A KILL-JOY, HE DROPPED THAT GOOD BOTTLE OF SCOTCH!

I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY MORE—LET'S GET 'IM!

I'M RIGHT BEHIND YUH, MAC!



GET 'EM UP, SLADE—TH' PARTY'S OVER—EXCEPT THE NECKTIE PARTY! YOU'VE HAD IT COMIN' FOR A LONG TIME!

YOU BOYS ARE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T HANG ME! YOU NEED A JUDGE AN' JURY FOR THAT! THERE'S NO LAW COURT IN ROCKY RIDGE!

THAT DON'T SEEM TO HAVE STOPPED YUH, BUT YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL, A JURY, A LAWYER, AN' A JUDGE—WE'RE ELECTIN' 'EM ALL RIGHT NOW!



THERE WAS LITTLE TO TRY! TEN EYE-WITNESSES SAW SLADE KILL TWO MEN WITHIN AN HOUR! THE VERDICT OF THE CITIZENS' COURT WAS INEVITABLY GUILTY!

THE PEOPLE OF ROCKY RIDGE FIND YOU GUILTY OF MURDER! YOU WILL BE CONFINED TO A TEMPORARY JAIL IN LOGAN'S STABLES, FROM WHERE YOU WILL BE TAKEN AT DAWN AND HANGED TO DEATH IN FULL SIGHT OF THE PUBLIC OF THIS COMMUNITY!

I WAS ONLY DOIN' MY DUTY! AN' IT WAS ALWAYS IN SELF DEFENSE!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



SLADE KEPT JULES ALIVE FOR DAYS—HALF NUDE IN THE FREEZING AIR!

KILL ME! PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY!

OH, NO, SAM—THAT WOULD BE MURDER!



I...B..BEG YUH, SLADE... SOB... KILL ME! I..CAN'T STAND IT N..NO MORE! SOB...

OKAY, JULES, YOU TOUCHED MY HEART! THERE, RIGHT IN YER THICK SKULL—YA SATISFIED?



THE BOSS SAYS NOT TO BURY HIM, RATTY! HE WANTS US TO LEAVE HIM FOR THE WOLVES! WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF TO MONTANA RIGHT AWAY!

BUT JOE, WHAT'LL WE DO IN MONTANA THAT WE CAN'T DO HERE?

MONTANA MEANS NEW SCENERY! I GO MAD DOIN' THE SAME THING IN THE SAME PLACE! GET PACKED, AN' PRONTO!



FOR TWO YEARS SLADE ROBBED AND PLUNDERED, UNMOLESTED—TILL HE TOOK IT IN HIS HEAD TO SHOOT UP THE TOWN OF MILK RIVER, MONTANA—DESPITE THE FACT THAT HE HAD BEEN WARNED ABOUT THE CITIZENS KNOWING OF HIS PRESENCE IN THE VICINITY!

WE'RE DOIN' ALL RIGHT—WHY TAKE OVER A WHOLE TOWN!

BECAUSE I WANT IT TO BE JUST LIKE OLD TIMES IN JULESBURG AND ROCKY RIDGE! REMEMBER HOW EVERY BLOKE IN TOWN TREMBLED WHEN THEY SAW ME COMIN'?



ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 13TH, 1854, JOSEPH SLADE BLASTED HIS WAY INTO TOWN EASILY ENOUGH, BUT BLASTING HIS WAY OUT WAS A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR!

THEY'VE BLOCKED OFF THE STREET—BOTH ENDS!

WE'LL BARRICADE OURSELVES! LET 'EM WASTE SOME ARTILLERY—THEN WE'LL GET OUT UNDER OUR OWN BARRAGE!



BARRAGE—WHAT WITH? I ONLY GOT FOUR SHOTS LEFT—IT'S THE END!

THEY GOT US SURROUNDED WITH TROOPS! SOMEBODY MUST'VE RIDDEN DOWN TO THE ARMY POST!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WILL YOU STOP DRINKING, JOE? WHAT'LL WE DO?

DO? WHY SHOOT 'EM FULL O' HOLES—THASH WHAT! LESH 'AVE ANOTHER BOTTLE OF TH' SAME! HIC!



THEN THE VOLLEY DID COME—RATTY AND BLANCHE, POOR, MISGUIDED SOULS, WERE KILLED INSTANTLY!

YAEER!!

I..G..GIVE UP! DON'T SHOOT, BOSS! TELL 'EM NOT TO SHOOT!

YOU HEARD 'IM! HIC! WHY DON'T YOU LISHEN?



NOT ONCE DID DRUNKEN JOE SLADE USE ME DURING THAT LAST DITCH FIGHT! HE SOBERED UP ONLY WHEN THEY STOOD HIM ON A DIRTY DRY GOODS BOX AFTER A MILITARY COURT HAD CONDEMNED HIM AND NICK YOSSEY TO DEATH!

HAVE MERCY!

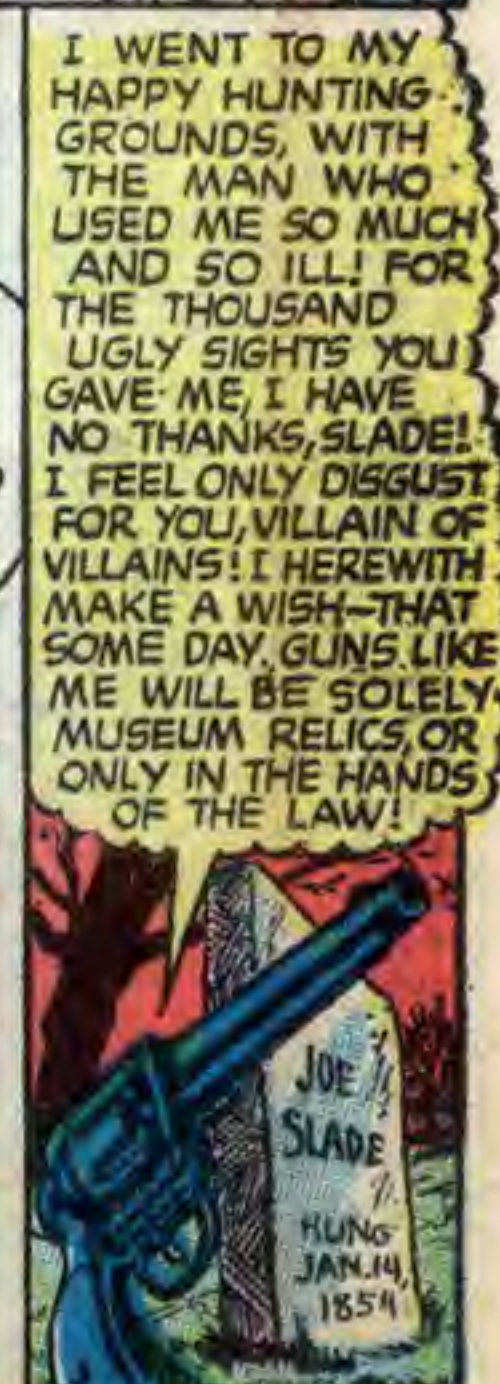
OH, MY—NO, NO, NO! WAIT, WAIT! PLEASE DON'T! DON'T KILL ME, PLEASE!!

LET 'ER GO, DEACON!



BEFORE THEY CLOSED HIS GRAVE, A TROOPER THREW ME IN AFTER SLADE!

A GUN WITH THAT MANY NOTCHES DESERVES TO BE LAID TO REST!



I WENT TO MY HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS, WITH THE MAN WHO USED ME SO MUCH AND SO ILL! FOR THE THOUSAND UGLY SIGHTS YOU GAVE ME, I HAVE NO THANKS, SLADE! I FEEL ONLY DISGUST FOR YOU, VILLAIN OF VILLAINS! I HEREWITH MAKE A WISH—THAT SOME DAY, GUNS LIKE ME WILL BE SOLELY MUSEUM RELICS, OR ONLY IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW!

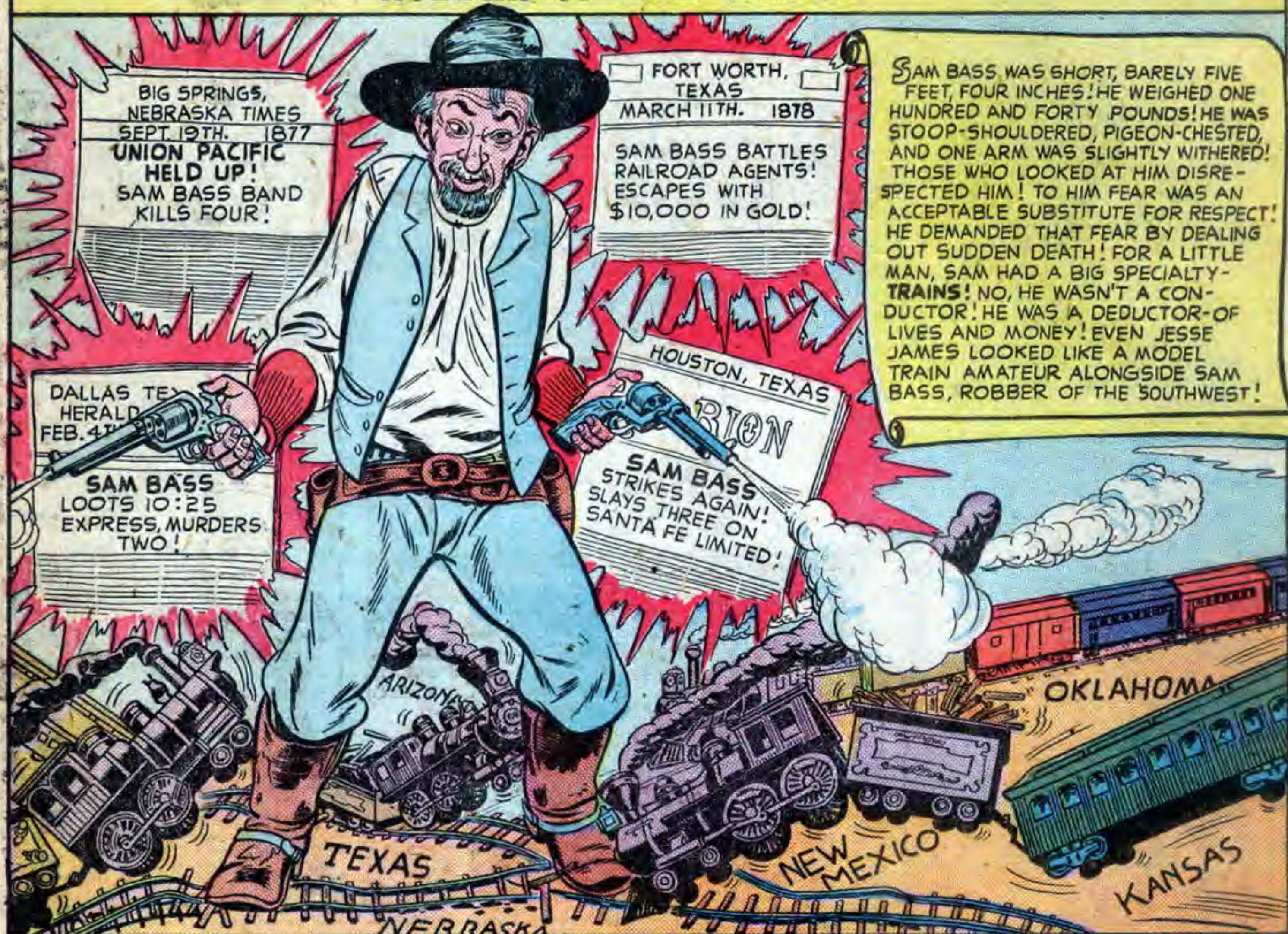
JOE SLADE
HUNG
JAN. 14,
1854

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



SAM BASS THE CROSS-EYED DEAD SHOT!

A CHARACTER WHOSE LOOKS QUALIFIED HIM AS A MOVIE COMEDIAN, WAS THE DEADLIEST TRAIN ROBBER OF ALL TIMES!



OBEDY THE LAW



DO YOU RECKON ANY OF YOUR DEPOSITORS CAN DO THIS? AN' THAT AIN'T ALL, MA'AM—SOME SAY I'M A MITE TRICKY WITH A KNIFE—



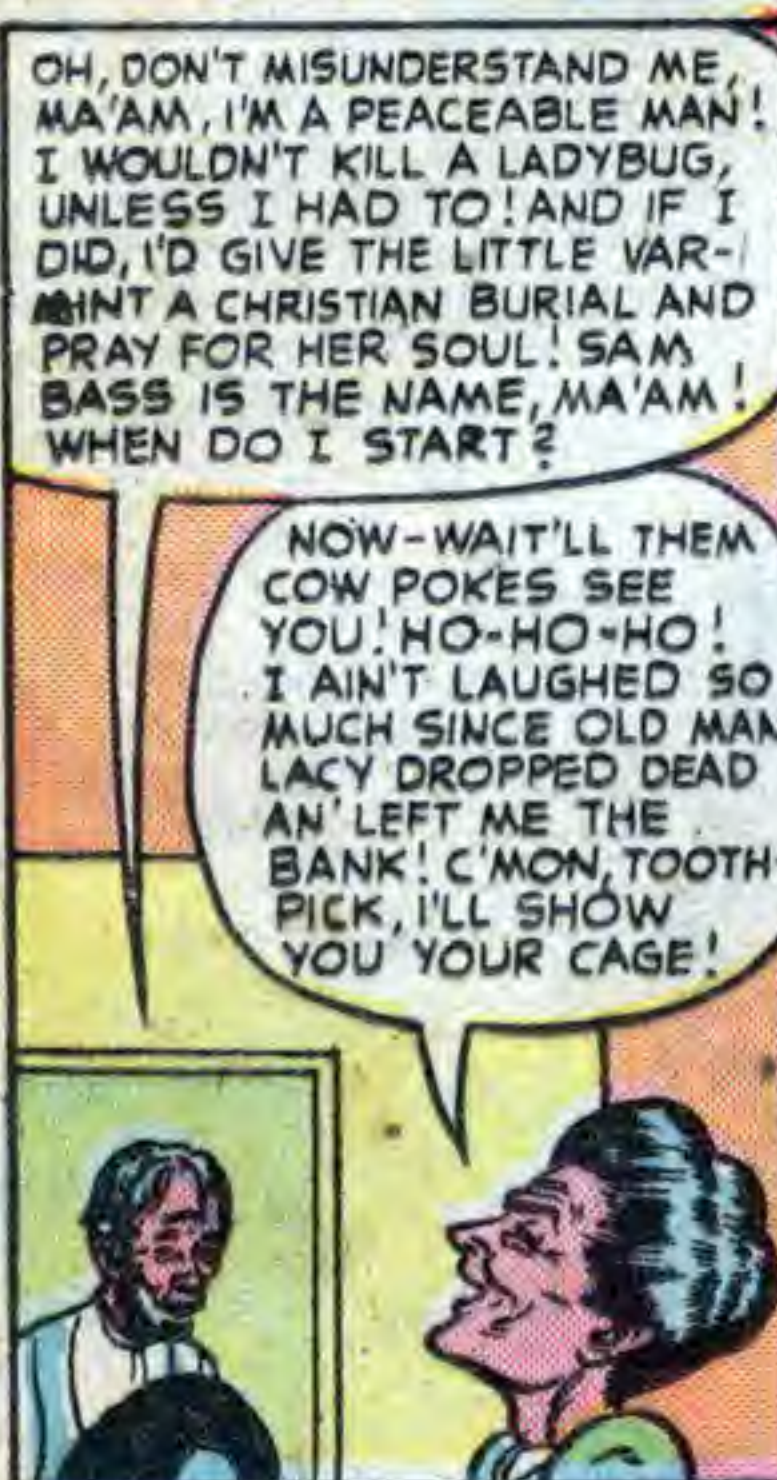
GASP MY LAND, WHATTA YA TRYIN' TO DO, SLICE MY EAR OFF?



IF I HAD A MIND TO, I COULD HAVE TAKEN IT FOR A SOUVENIR! BUT SINCE I'M GONNA HOLD DOWN A POSITION, RECKON I WON'T BE NEEDIN' ANY KEEPSAKE FROM DENTON COUNTY! DON'T YOU AGREE, MA'AM?



WELL, YOU SEEM TO HAVE THE QUALIFICATIONS! HMM! WHAT'S A SAGE-BRUSH SAVAGE LIKE YOU DOIN' LOOKIN' FOR A TAME JOB ANYHOW?



OH, DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME, MA'AM, I'M A PEACEABLE MAN! I WOULDN'T KILL A LADYBUG, UNLESS I HAD TO! AND IF I DID, I'D GIVE THE LITTLE VARMINT A CHRISTIAN BURIAL AND PRAY FOR HER SOUL! SAM BASS IS THE NAME, MA'AM! WHEN DO I START?

NOW—WAIT'LL THEM COW POKES SEE YOU! HO-HO-HO! I AIN'T LAUGHED SO MUCH SINCE OLD MAN LACY DROPPED DEAD AN' LEFT ME THE BANK! C'MON, TOOTH-PICK, I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR CAGE!



WELL, LOOKA HERE, POLECATS! COME SEE WHAT CAME IN THE SPIT PLATTERS. PTTTTT!

HY MANNERS, YOU BOW-LEGGED BABOON, WHAT THE SAM HILL D'YOU THINK I BOUGHT THEM CUSPIDORS FOR?

I KNOW, TO GIVE THE NEW COCKROACH A SHAMPOO IN!



WITH YOUR CROSS EYES YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE DANDRUFF ON YOUR COLLAR, COCKROACH! ALLOW ME, I'LL BRUSH IT OFF FER YA!

SUPPOSE 'WE SHOULD GIVE HIM A NEW COLOR?



DRAW, THE WHOLE SMELLY GANG OF YUH! DRAW AN' PRAY! YUH'LL BE ROTTIN' IN A COYOTE PASTURE BEFORE SUNDOWN!

NO, SAM, DON'T! THEY'RE DEPOSITORS!

LET ME HAVE HIM, BOYS!

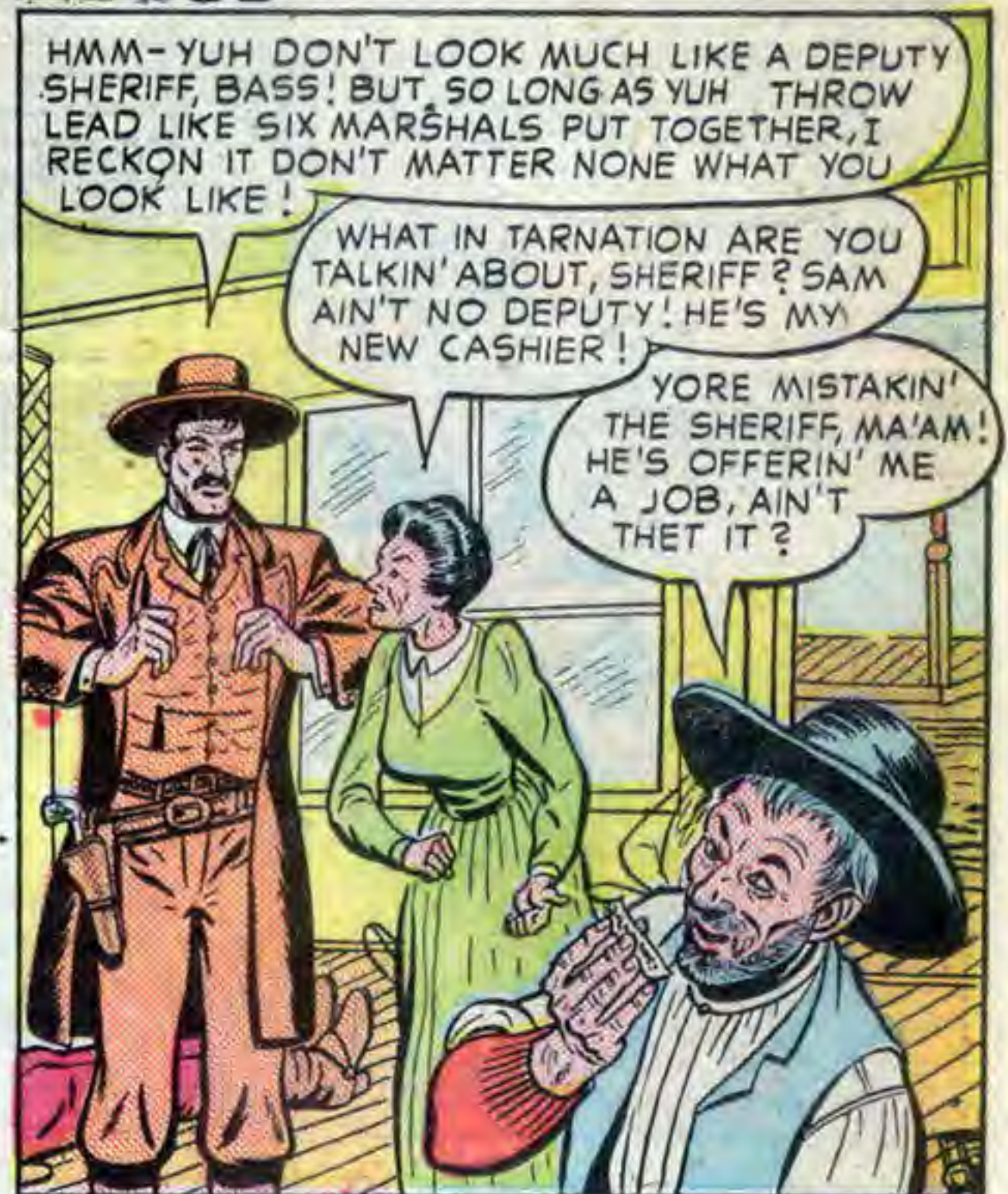


HE BEAT MY TO THE DRAW! ALL AT ONCE, BOYS, LET'S LET HIM HAVE IT!



BANG!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



SHERIFF! QUICK! A GANG OF OUTLAWS ARE SHOOTING UP THE BANK!

DO WE GO AFTER THEM, SHERIFF?

YOU BET! JUST SHOW THEM THE KIND OF SHOOTIN' YUH DONE THE OTHER DAY!



ARRGHH!

OOOPS! PARDON ME, SHERIFF! YUH RAN SMACK INTO MY LINE OF FIRE! WHERE'S MRS. LACY? I WANT HER ALIVE!

SHE WILL BE, IF SHE DON'T DIE OF FRIGHT!



THIS IS FOR CALLIN' ME A WEASEL! THIS ONE IS FOR REMINDING ME THAT I AM CROSS-EYED AND THIS ONE IS FOR BEING SUCH A FOUL MOUTH BARN YARD OLD HEN!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



OKAY, MURPH, KNOCK 'EM ALL OFF! I WANT TO BE THE ONLY ONE ALIVE TO TELL THE STORY! YOU GUYS BEAT IT BACK TO THE HILLS! I'LL SEE YOU AS SOON AS I'M SWORN IN AS SHERIFF!

YUH HEARD SAM-BLAST 'EM ALL!



MY STARS AND STRIPES! I AIN'T NEVER HEARD THE LIKES OF THIS! WHY, IT'S-IT'S WHOLESALE BUTCHERY! HOW DID SAM BASS MANAGE TO STAY ALIVE?

HE WAS LUCKY, A SLUG ONLY CREASED HIS SKULL! YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, SAM! AN' WE'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YU'D TAKE OVER POOR SHERIFF BENTON'S JOB!

I'D BE MIGHTY PROUD, TOO! AN' I SWEAR I'LL DO MY BEST TO STRING UP EVERY SNAKE WHO WAS IN ON THIS JOB!



FOR THREE YEARS THE GAG WENT ON! THE DINERO PILED UP FOR SAM! WHILE THE CORPSES PILED UP FOR DENTON!



STAGE COACH SCHEDULES BECAME OPEN SECRETS... NOBODY KNEW WHY!

WE'RE TAKIN' THE SHORT ROUTE TO DALLAS, SHERIFF! AN' WE'RE GOIN' BY NIGHT! WE'LL FOOL THEM KILL-CRAZY SONS O' GUNS!

SHORE, YUH WILL! THEY'LL BE SURPRISED LIKE HECK! I MEAN, BY HECK!

BUT THEN, THE RUMORS BEGAN FLYING, THERE WAS A JEALOUS SWEETHEART- THEN A DRUNKEN COW-POKE!



I KNOW PLENTY ABOUT SAM BASS! THE SNAKE'S AS CROOKED AS HIS EYES! SHORE, HE GAVE ME THE AIR- BUT THAT AIN'T NOTHIN' COMPARED TO THE AIR OTHERS GET WITH HIS .44'S!

IT'S ALL A SET-UP, SEE? WE GOT OFFICAL PERFECT-SHUN - HIC - WE GOT THE LAW ON OUR SHIDE! HIC -

OBEY THE LAW

ON AUGUST 10, 1875 - THE LEADING TOWNSPEOPLE HELD A SECRET MEETING!

I SAY A HUNDRED COINCIDENCES ADD UP TO ONE SURE THING! BASS IS IN WITH THE OUT-LAWS!

IF IT'S PROOF OF BASS'S CORRUPTION YA WANT, I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY, IF YA JIST LET HIM IN ON A GOOD SECRET!

VERY WELL, WE'LL GIVE HIM THE GOLD DELIVERY SCHEDULE ON THE HOUSTON STAGE - AN' WE'LL HAVE 50 MEN AROUND TO SEE WHAT HE DOES!

THEY'RE COMIN', SAM!

YEP! RIGHT ON TIME, TOO! LATELY, I BEEN THINKIN' THEY WAS CATCHIN' WISE! BUT NOT AFTER THEY SPILLED THIS ONE TO ME! REMEMBER, LEAVE NO WAGGIN' TONGUES!

HERE THEY COME - AN' DANGED IF BASS AIN'T LEADIN' THE PACK!

I HAD NO DOUBT OF IT! LET'S GIVE THE DEVIL A QUICK RIDE TO HADES!

YIIIEEE!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT AIN'T A COACH - THAT'S A FORT ON WHEELS!

AN' HALF THE TOWN'S COMIN' UP THE ROAD! IT'S A TRAP, SAM!

SCRATCH GRAVEL, YUH SCISSOR BILLS! I JEST BEEN REMOVED FROM OFFICE!

WELL, WE GOT MORE'N HALF HIS GANG! WE KNOW WHO TO LOOK FOR NOW! SO I'M THINKIN' WE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM HIM!

I'D GIVE HALF MY CATTLE TO SEE HIM DANCIN' AT THE LONG END OF A ROPE!

IT WAS FAT WHILE IT LASTED! WE STAYED SO LONG IN DENTON I GOT TO FEEL IT WAS MY OWN HOME TOWN!

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, SAM - BUST UP? HIDE? TRAIPISE TO MEXICO? THEY'LL HAVE SO MANY REWARDS OUT FOR US, WE'LL THINK OUR HIDES ARE MADE OF 14 KARAT GOLD!

WHY DO ANY OF THOSE THINGS! WHY NOT LIGHT OUT FOR NEW TERRITORY - LIKE THE BLACK HILLS! I HEARD THERE'S A GOLD STRIKE AROUND DEAD WOOD!

RAWHIDE'S RIGHT - AN' JUST BEFORE WE GET TO DEAD WOOD, WE'LL TAKE OVER A STAGE COACH AND START US IN BUSINESS! ALL WE'LL INVEST IS OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS!

MIND IF I JOIN YUH ON TOP, CHIEF?

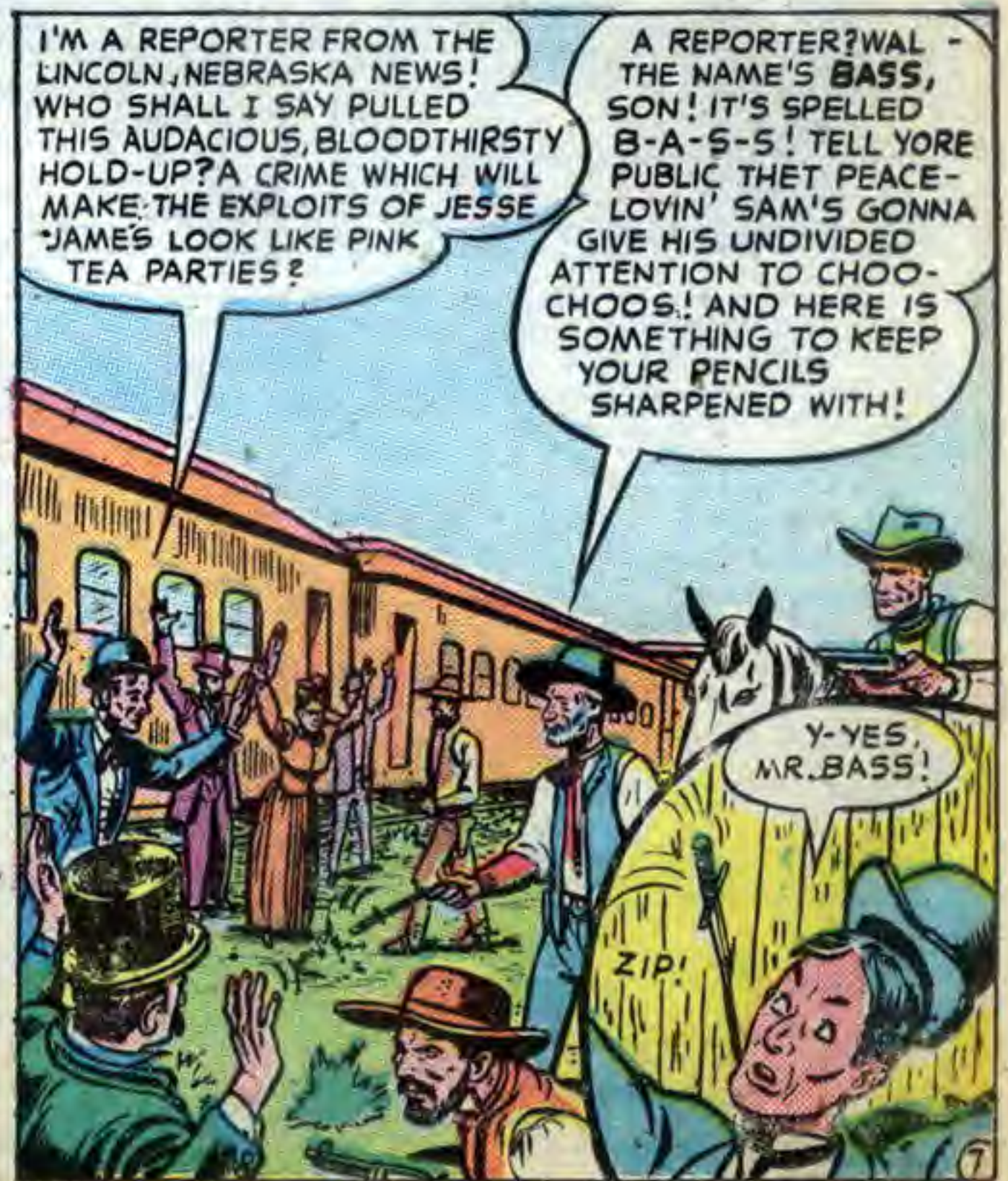
NOPE, NOT 'SO LONG AS YOU'RE TALKATIVE! JOE HERE'S A REGULAR PIUTE! JEST SPITS AN' COUGHS - OR ELSE HE JEST CHAWS!

BUTTON UP, LOOPY! YOU DO ENOUGH TALKIN' FOR BOTH OF US!

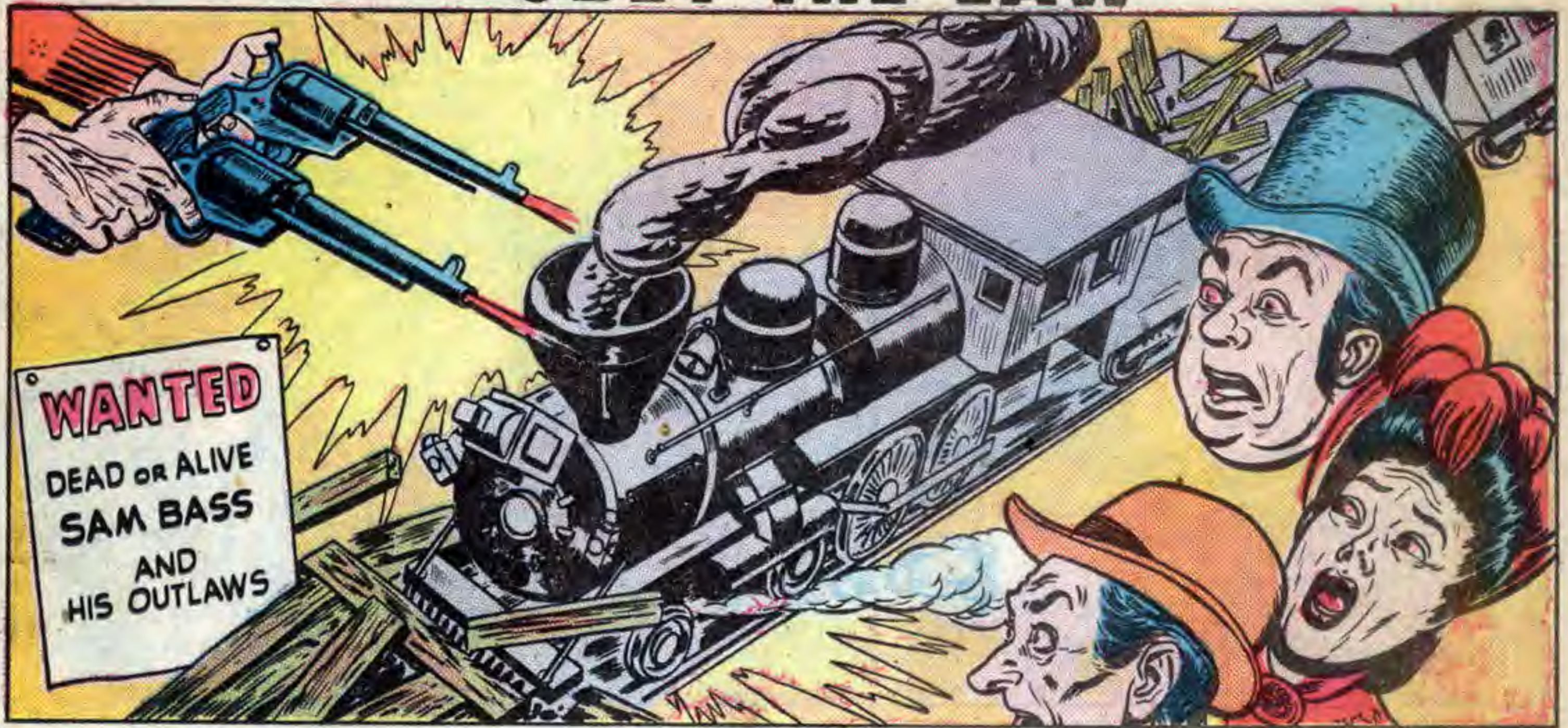
OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW





SAM BROWN

THE DEVIL'S PARTNER

SAM BROWN came to Carson City, Nevada, in the winter of 1859. He was bad news, because he was a sniveling coward. Had he been more of a man, those who met him could have fought him on even terms. But because he had not the semblance of any decency in him, he was feared and he was hated.

Until the discovery of silver in Nevada, the state had been a wild, arid desert, a barren high tableland set in a rocky, mountainous region. It could boast of a population of perhaps one thousand people. After men found silver in Nevada's rugged mountains, mere trading posts mushroomed almost overnight to become thriving cities of thirty, forty, or fifty thousand inhabitants.

Most of those who came to the region were honest. Men came from all walks of life, answering the lure of quick riches. Many of them became fabulously rich, while some returned to their homes poorer than when they had come. Sam Brown came with his hand on his gun, his knife in his belt. He wanted riches without working for them; power without earning it.

It was in a fury born of desperation that Sam Brown first barged into a saloon in Carson City. The bar was crowded with roughly dressed miners. Brown looked the room over. Out came the six-gun and red fire blazed from the barrel. At the edge of the crowd a man went down with an agonized death cry on his lips.

Into the stunned silence boomed the voice of Sam Brown. "That hombre never done me no harm, but I want y'all ta realize I'm

a man as ain't easy to cross!" He flashed his eyes on the frightened bartender. "Fill up the glasses," he bellowed. "The drinks is on you." With that, Brown laughed raucously at his own misplaced humor.

Shocked men drank in silence as the jittery bartender filled the glasses. Sam Brown gulped his own drink and strode through the swinging doors into the street.

One of the men looked down at the man Brown had shot. "It's Ed Townsend," the man said quietly. "He came from the East. Quiet fellow—never no bother to anyone. A little homesick, if anything." Carefully they lifted him; reverently they buried him.

It takes a long time for men, whose sense of decency has been shocked out of all proportion to their understanding, to act. It was so of those in Carson City. They were not fighting men, those residents, and few of them were armed. They had been laborers, farmers, business men, bookkeepers, clerks. At home they would have called in the constable, who would have made an arrest. But here, law and order had not yet become well-organized. Men needed leadership and as yet no one had appeared who would take the single personal responsibility of recognizing the rights of civilization over the right of might. That was Sam Brown's oyster. By his own bravado, he had instilled fear in the hearts of others. His very outrages seemed to give him strength.

Men, women and children fled in terror from this ogre in their midst and allowed Sam Brown to go his wanton way. Sometimes

Brown killed to steal, sometimes he killed because it was a whim. By the end of the winter, he had murdered over a dozen citizens. If he so felt like it, he killed by gunfire. At other times he used his knife. But generally, those he attacked were smaller or weaker than he.

His fame spread by word of terrorized witnesses and near victims and Sam Brown grew not only more notorious, but more powerful by the addition of followers, who, like himself, thought the world owed them a living.

And then Ben Wade came into the county—six feet tall and over two hundred pounds of fighting flesh and muscle. Moreover, Wade was a lawyer in his own right. He had heard the stories of Sam Brown's outrages and he didn't like them.

"We've got to have law here, men," he said grimly. "We've got to have courts. There's one up in Genoa that'll have to do for the present. We'll try our cases there. Are you men with me?"

"Aye," they answered, "we'll suport ya, Ben."

It was a public challenge to Sam Brown. Alone he stormed and vowed to get the long-legged youngster who threatened his rule. But each time he saw the big lawyer, with his lean, hard frame and his six-guns hung in the deadly cross draw, he backed

water. Ben Wade was a bigger man than he cared to meet. "I'll git him when he ain't lookin'," Brown thought. "I'll put a slug through the back of his skull. He can't do this to me!"

Unmindful of the threat that soon leaked back to him, Ben Wade went about the job of getting the law to operate in Carson City. His first test of power came to him with the arrest of one of Sam Brown's lawless mobsters, who was charged with murder.

It was more than Sam Brown could afford to take. He strapped on his guns, rode into Genoa and broke into the courtroom on horseback. As he rode down the center of the room, the spectators gasped. Brown approached menacingly toward the determined Ben Wade, prosecuting the case.

"I'll . . .", Sam Brown began, and his red-bearded jaw jutted out angrily.

He got no further in his threat. Hardly stopping in the merciless cross-questioning of the defendant, Ben moved his hands in a lightning gesture and held two six-guns leveled at the astounded Brown.

"Come up here, Brown," Wade said casually. "I have a few questions I'd like to ask YOU for the benefit of this court."

Sam Brown, still smarting under the verbal abuse he had suffered at the hands of the young attorney, knew that unless he did something drastic he was done for in those parts. He quickly turned his horse and galloped out of the courtroom to the amazement of the awe-stricken onlookers. Once outside, he spurred his horse on faster, as murderous fires burned in his blood-shot eyes.

By the time he had reached

the outskirts of town, Brown had become a virtual maniac. Ahead of him he saw the small inn-tavern run by Norman Ruy-lins, a cheerful Dutchman. He drew up before the place and dismounted. Tying his horse at the rail, he swaggered toward the entrance. Ruy-lins opened the door himself and half bowed in a jovial manner, until he saw that Brown held his guns ready for business.

Ruy-lins was stout and appeared to be clumsy, and so Sam Brown was startled when the innkeeper, making a quick movement, caught a chair and heaved it against his shins. Brown yelped in pain and fired blindly, but Ruy-lins had disappeared into the rear of the building.

Cursing madly, Brown followed and, as he reached the backyard, saw Ruy-lins was entering the barn.

"Ya won't get out of there alive!" snarled Brown. He began to run toward the barn where Ruy-lins had hidden himself.

Brown swung open the door and suddenly a blast from the dark recesses of the building stopped him short. Again a musket roared and lead from a double-barreled shotgun buried itself in Brown's shoulder. The desperado shouted in pain and turned on his heel, fleeing for his horse in the front of the tavern.

He was no sooner astride the animal, when he saw his host pursuing him on a fresher mount than his own. Ruy-lins still held the gun as he pushed his horse for all he was worth. Brown dug his spurs into the sides of his own horse, as it whinnied in pain and skittered nervously. It was going to be a life or death race and Brown was scared.

Suddenly looking back, Brown saw Ruy-lins pull up in front of a dwelling and he breathed easily for the first time in a half hour. His own mount was winded, so he let the animal walk for a while. Then he cut toward the hills.

Moments later, Brown's horse suddenly reared before the bulk of another horse in its path. Ruy-lins had stopped to reload and had taken a short cut, thus heading off the wounded, weary gunman.

"Get off that animal!" Ruy-lins demanded. "You've done your last killing, Sam Brown."

Brown sprang to the ground, his guns blazing. But Ruy-lins had been expecting that. He scarcely moved his gun an inch before he pulled both triggers. A doubly mighty roar and the sharp smell of gunpowder filled the air. Brown fell headlong onto the ground, mortally wounded.

"Help me, help me, please!" Brown pleaded. "Ya can't let me just die here! I never meant you no harm, Ruy-lins, honest!"

"I'll try to get you help," Ruy-lins said tersely.

"Please get me a doctor, I don't wanna die!" Those were Brown's last words. Brave words for a man who had held others' lives so cheaply.

According to the law Ben Wade had brought to the town, Norman Ruy-lins went to the court to prove the need for the killing that had been forced on him. It took but minutes for the jury to say, "Sam Brown got just what was coming to him."

Thus ingloriously Sam Brown died, unloved and unhonored, proving that then, as now and always, there is no profit in crime!

THE END

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

A
**TRUE
CRIME**
STORY

BILL LONGLEY

HE WAS HUNG TWICE!

\$2,500 WAS A LOT OF MONEY IN THOSE DAYS, BUT THAT WAS THE REWARD ON HIS HEAD!

drawn by
FRED GUARDINEER



WHY WAS HE AN OUTLAW-WILD, TREACHEROUS AND DEVILISH-WHEN HE COULD HAVE BEEN A CLEVER AND COURAGEOUS LAWMAN? WHY DID HIS LIGHTNING DRAW BLAZE A TRAIL OF BLOOD, WHEN IT COULD HAVE PAVED A PROTECTIVE PATHWAY TO PROGRESS? COULD PSYCHIATRY HAVE SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF BILL LONGLEY? IN ONE WORD-HE WAS AN "EGOMANIAC"-SOMEONE WHO LOVES HIMSELF BEYOND ALL LAW AND JUSTICE AND THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS!

A LATE AFTERNOON, IN THE SUMMER, OF 1868, IN EVERGREEN, TEXAS!

MOVE OVER, YOU BAR-FLYS, AND MAKE ROOM FOR A MIGHTY THIRSTY COWBOY, WHO'S IN SORE NEED OF SOME TARGET PRACTICE!

THAT YOUNG SQUIRT IS TOO BIG FOR HIS BRITCHES! WHO IS HE, DO YOU KNOW?

I THINK HE MUST BE THAT CRAZY LONGLEY KID WE'VE BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT! LET'S TALK TO HIM!

WE JUST WANT TO SET YOU STRAIGHT, YOUNG FELLOW! THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HAS TAKEN OVER THIS TOWN, AND ONLY LAW AND ORDER IS TOLERATED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER-DOESN'T THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU FEDS, SINCE IT HASN'T ANY MORE WARS TO FIGHT? WANT TO SEE WHAT I THINK OF LAW AND ORDER? WATCH THIS!



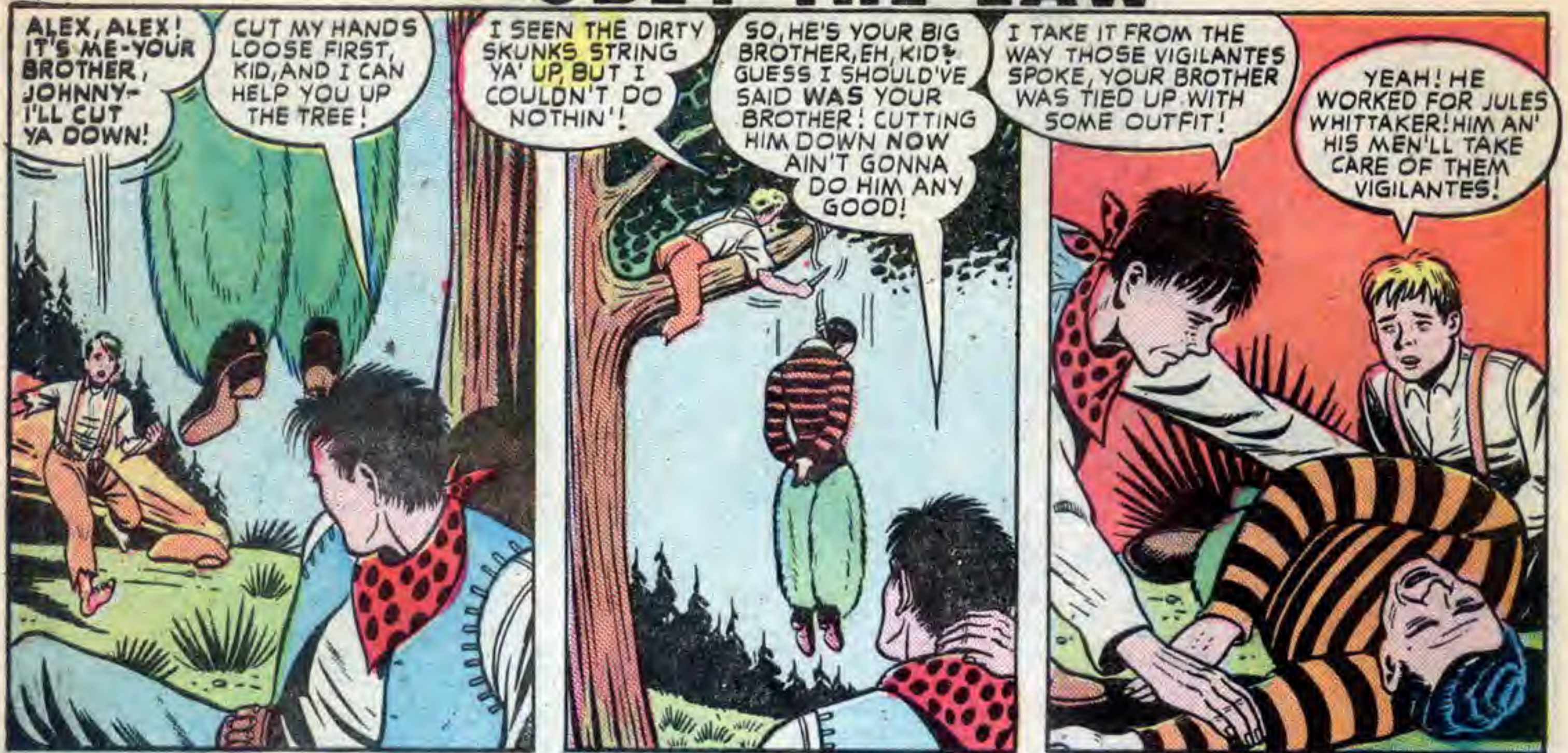
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...AND IT WENT ON FOR TEN YEARS—FROM 1866 TO 1876...



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BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads
and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions
and Be Thrilled with the Difference—
Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded

[Advertisement]



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 428, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

